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For the Lily.

ONWARD! EVER ONWARD!

BY J. W. G.

Onward! ever onward!
In the cause of right we move;
'Tis the motto that we love;
Onward! ever onward!

Weary by the wayside
Some may linger; but for me
Hearts that ne'er discouraged be—
Onward! ever onward!

Would ye be victorious?
Falter not—be firm and true—
Keep your object still in view—
Onward! ever onward!

HOPE.

This world would be dark, how very dark,
Did not each storm-cloud bear
A ray to cheer the wanderer's bark
When all around looks drear.

The heart would fail, and the pulse grow weak,
As up the steep we toil,
Did there not rise some sweet retreat
To cheer our steps the while.

That beam o'er frowning skies that shines,
Is Hope's unclouded light;
The oasis which each desert lines,
The future's visions bright.

Sorrow may weigh with iron hand,
And check our bounding mirth,
But one touch of that spirit wand
Will bear the heart from earth.

We enter on life's smiling sea,
And tempests cross our way,
But Hope throws there her anchor free,
And bids the wild waves stay.

It floats in childhood's rosy bowers,
Entwined with rainbow hues—
We start, and find thorns 'mid the flowers,
Yet on the wreck of dreams.

The inspiring angel spreads her wings,
As each fond link is riven,
And a music waked by seraphs sings,
"Hope on!" all's bright in Heaven!

EMILY.

From the Water-Cure Journal.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON.

Is not your wide-spread and valuable Journal, though in most respects greatly in advance of the age, in one point a little in the rear? You have no ladies' fashion plate, that important part of a

magazine to which one-half of the human race always turn with a personal, practical interest, and into which the other half always desire to look, probably to keep their standard of taste correct, as to what is becoming in ladies' apparel.

But no fashion plate is better than one teaching such gross violation of the laws of our being as those set forth in all popular periodicals.

But really would it not be a curiosity, equal to any that Barnum's Museum contains, to see even in picture a style of dress for women, comfortable, convenient—in short, one in no wise conflicting with their bodily functions or life's duties? And how much more glorious would it be to see every woman free from every fetter that fashion has imposed! Such a day of "universal emancipation" of the sex would be worthy of a celebration through all coming time. The Quaker mode of dress is better than any other prevalent, though not perfect. In some respects, as a matter of taste and convenience, it might be improved; but its construction is more favorable for health than most other forms, and from being without change, it gives greater mental freedom, by saving a world of thought, as well as a world of work. Hence women of this sect, as a class, surpass others in general intelligence, and retain their youthful look and vigor longer. Were our style of dress consistent, the appellations "weaker sex," "softer sex," and the like, would be far less appropriate than now. Woman's intellectual power, as well as physical, would then rise far above its present standard.

A permanent fashion is not to be desired, unless there were some head wise enough to frame one every way perfect, which is not to be supposed. Man is a progressive being; and woman, who was made as a helpmeet, surely ought to be so too. The change should not be yearly, monthly, or weekly, as in Paris, but when any real improvement was suggested to any mind, be it a matter of beauty, economy, comfort, or convenience. Now we have change on change in such quick succession, that the husband might well "hurry home with his wife's new bonnet, lest it got out of style before he got there." But precious few of the changes are for the better; most of them from bad to bad, and some of them from bad to worse.

When the day of corsets passed away, there was great commendation, as well there might be, but not at what soon followed. Then came the heavy skirts, bustles, long waists, and longer points, filled with whalebones and other splints, fit only to be used on the human frame in case of broken bones. This style of dress has induced more suffering than tight lacing, though that was a more speedy cause of death. One, oppressed and displaced important organs, though not the vital; the other attacked the very citadel of life. Both of them are semi-suicidal in their tendency. One usually extinguishes the lamp of life early; the other half quenches it, leaving it to flicker on through many a long and painful year.

The excessive heat induced by an inordinate amount of clothing, has caused spinal affections and relaxation of the muscles of the back and abdomen. Then from the skirts not being sustained by the shoulders, as they should always be, what are termed the "dragging, bearing down sensations" have ensued. To relieve these, woman is harnessed in an abdominal supporter, wearing at the same time a much more efficient abdominal depressor, in the shape of a bodice waist. The harm these have done, and are still doing to the present and prospective generations, words fail to tell. No matter if they are loose, as the wearers always declare them to be, these unyielding points cause more or less pressure upon the abdomen, unless the form is erect, or rather thrown a little back—a position which no one maintains but for a short time. And this pressure chiefly falls where there is no bony framework to resist, there being only the muscular and cellular tissue, and the still more yielding, displaceable organs beneath. Thus the free motion of the diaphragm is impeded, abdominal respiration hindered, and hence the blood is imperfectly oxygenized. The stomach, being short of room, cannot do its work well, and indigestion ensues.

Consequent upon excessive pressure, come torpidity of the liver and portal circulation, accompanied by constipation. The returning blood being obstructed, congestion of the lower bowels, and perhaps piles, follow. Along with this train of evils, well nigh equal to that which Pandora's box contained, comes often prolapsus uteri, from undue pressure of the impending viscera upon its fundus, together with the debilitating causes above mentioned. Perhaps this scourge of woman is accompanied by leucorrhoea, painful or profuse menstruation, uterine neuralgia, and similar accompaniments.

When the fashion of all chest and no abdomen first began its reign, young women were often delighted to find themselves "growing longer waisted," as they termed it. And how was this, when they had attained their height some years since? In no other way than by the compression and depression of the interfering organs.

Our Professor of Anatomy said to the class, when demonstrating the location of the liver, "that its lower border corresponded with the lower margin of the ribs, usually; but that in women it sometimes extended to the right iliac fossa" (or internal cavity of the hip-bone.) Then added, "If you wish to find all the organs in their normal position, procure a male subject."—As much as to say, women are so deformed by art, that not even their remains are fit for dissection. Sarcastic as was the remark, it contained too much truth. It is to be feared that few female forms are what unrestrained nature would have made them. The floating ribs are approximated; the umbilicus, which should be near the centre of the protuberance, is now usually quite above it, so much are the viscera depressed.

Compression is more hurtful to woman's frame

than man's, for the reason that her muscular fibre is less firm, and more loose, soft, cellular tissue enters into her organization; hence it yields more readily. This pliability and mobility are needful, to allow of the change of form which maternity induces. Were much resistance offered them, harm if not destruction to some of the internal organs would ensue. To gentle pressure, whether from within or without, her form readily yields. It would seem that "the world, in its wisdom," thought this plasticity given that woman might shape herself to please her own fancy, or rather that of men.

But the changes made thus far have been in nowise for the better. True, thousands of long and slender waists have been made, which are called beautiful. But were our standard of beauty the one given us by Infinite Wisdom, we should cease to admire such. Is not a thing beautiful in proportion as it accomplishes the end for which it was designed? If so, then away with your fashionable forms, which prevent the healthful action of those organs they should protect. Our present mode of dress forbids the full motion of one half the joints of the spinal column, and of the corresponding anterior and posterior muscles. And can any one say that the human frame, thus fettered, moves with more ease and beauty?—Why, we might as well pretend that a wry neck, crick in the back, a stiff hip or knee, made one's motions more graceful. We laugh at the Chinese for wearing wooden shoes, but that is but a shadow of a sin compared with our wooden waists. They girdle but the extremity of a limb, we the very body of the tree.

Much as a "snug fit" is admired, how much more beautiful were the loose flowing robes of the ancients, allowing freedom of motion to every joint, tendon, and muscle our Heavenly Father hath given us.

Our present style of clothing, when not guilty of compression, is, in many respects, cumbersome. Look a moment at a walking dress in a fashion plate. The name should signify a form of apparel suitable for active out-door exercise. What do we find? Why, the same snug waist, in wearing which the wearer must be soon "out of breath," for the reason that not more than half the amount of air needful can be taken in. Long, heavy skirts, which fetter the limbs, as well as perform the office of streetbroom; a thin slipper, so that the feet are soon wet, if the earth has been moistened by dew, or the pavements by the sweeper. The arms are confined to hold on the mantilla or shawl, thrown so gracefully over the shoulders, the freedom of which would facilitate locomotion, besides giving more perfect exercise to the entire body.

How much better some simple dress, fitted to the form, but so loosely as to allow of freedom of inspiration and motion, of a material of sufficient warmth so as not to require a shawl; skirt short, so that the limbs can move freely, on the feet good boots, such as a man would wear on a similar walk, the limbs well protected by a garment which we will call pants, if the sensitive reader will not be shocked by calling any portion of a lady's apparel by that name.

Why are short dresses, which all agree are decidedly becoming for a young miss, so *improper, delicate and immodest*, as soon as she has passed into her teens? Why must she, as soon as she puts on womanhood, cover her lower extremities to the very tip of the toe with a flowing robe, however inconvenient she may find it at times? No matter if her neck and arms are nude, even when the state of her health, and that of the weather, demand that they be warmly clad, this exposure is to be admired, not criticised. How absurd is all this!

Would men wear clothing so uncomfortable and inconvenient as ours, and not complain? Was there ever such a grumbling among the whole race as when the long, loose caudal cloaks, with big capes, were in vogue? Many a man declared himself so fettered that he could do nothing; that he had as lief wear a balloon; that it was always in the way, being always inflated with air, and under foot.

If a woman dares to put off an inconvenient form of dress, and adopt another, without the sanction of fashion, she is at once vulgar, lacks taste and refinement. None of us should wish to be singular, but all should be *willing* to be so for the sake of the good and the right. All unnecessary violation of public opinion is censurable, for to it we all look for protection; but we should never allow it to enslave our bodies or our spirits.

Forest City Water Cure, Ithaca, N. Y.

For the Lily.

AN ADDRESS TO WOMAN ON THE SUBJECT OF INTEMPERANCE.

My Sisters, this is a subject of the greatest importance to many of you, and although we cannot expect you to encounter the difficulties met by the bold champions of the cause, still a willing heart and a ready hand can accomplish great good. You can exert your influence with fathers, husbands, brothers and sons; and if you have no self-interests at stake, you can bring home to your own hearts the suffering and destitute condition of many of your sex, caused by the intemperance of those who should be their protectors. Perhaps most of you have looked upon drunken men as outcasts from society, unworthy of your sympathy. But did it never occur to you that the form now so loathsome might once have been the cherished idol of a heart tender and sensitive as your own? Imagine to yourself the feelings of that heart as it beholds the degradation of one so loved. Is it a husband? the most holy, sacred, and endearing ties are rudely desecrated. The disconsolate widow, who, in mourning habiliments, is weeping over the grave of her lost companion, has but a faint idea of the woe that overwhelms the bleeding heart of the drunkard's wife, as her brightest earthly hopes are thus shrouded in the deepest gloom.

Mothers, to you I appeal. Look at that fair daughter, reared and cherished with all the care that a tender mother can bestow, and adorned with all the virtues that can give honor to the sex. She, too, may be a victim; and although innocent and free from guile herself, who can tell but a drunkard may call her by the endearing appellation of wife. Alas! how cheerless then her lot! Look at that noble boy, whose features are beaming with the resplendent brightness of the intellectual faculties within; how intently have you watched every dawning of intelligence from his earliest infancy. What fervent prayers have ascended from the silent depths of your heart, when no eye saw, nor ear heard, save that of the high and holy One, that he might not be led astray from the paths of virtue. How in your visionary aspirations have you followed him in his bright career, till he has filled some of the high stations in this our happy land; and then how did you rejoice that amid all the temptations that beset his path, he still walked unscathed, clothed in the bright robes of truth and virtue. But suppose a change came over the bright and brilliant career you have thus marked out for your gifted son. Behold the wine-cup is proffered, and he rejects it not. The fatal draught is quaffed, and a taste for spirituous liquors imbibed. Does not your heart tremble at the very thought? And now with what painful anxiety do you watch his downward progress, as step by step he is descending into the dark abodes of guilt and infamy which are open to receive him! Gay debauchees lead him onward, and he pauses not to think of the friends who are mourning his unhappy fate, nor of the agony of his wretched mother; but plunges madly into that vortex of intemperance, and is borne forward by its resistless current, till the midnight revel and the poisoned bowl have accomplished their work and all that was once so fondly prized is consigned to a drunkard's grave. Mothers, can you see all this and not exert your influence to preserve your sons and daughters from a like fate? Do not, as you look upon them in all the pride of your hearts, imagine they are secure. The demon is still unconquered, and we know not who will be his victims.

Wives, are ye still slumbering in apathy, unconscious that ye have a duty to perform upon the faithful performance of that duty, perhaps your own happiness is dependent? An inward monitor warned you that you might do much more in the cause of suffering humanity than you have hitherto done? Oh! that I had the power to arouse that monitor till its voice would be heard in thunder tones, and nothing but a consciousness of duty, kindly and faithfully performed would still its claims! But do you ask where you shall commence the work of reformation? I answer, in the domestic circle—that mighty empire of woman, over which, if she so wills, she may reign with almost unlimited sway. But not with the stormy passions and terror-frowning brows, which characterize the rule of man. Woman's sceptre must be swayed with gentleness, and her fair brow, radiant with hope, must be crowned with the helmet of peace, ornamented with those priceless gems of love and truth, which, within her own dominions, would be invincible. And if her influence did not extend one iota farther than her own fireside, were not that worth an effort, if she were but the means of restraining her bosom companion from vice and degradation. The light of virtue that would shine around and within her happy home would allure the wanderer from his path of darkness, and who would then dare to say the world did not feel her influence. But suppose her husband a vender of the article which has been the cause of so much human woe, and so many supplications to high heaven for relief. Then could she place her helmet on her brow and sway her sceptre of magic power with confidence and skill, till man should yield to her sweet control, one torrent of desolation would be stayed, and the stream which before flowed with such alarming rapidity, threatening destruction to many, would be dry at the source, and the tipping house, that stepping stone from which thousands are hurled into the depths of want and misery, would be transformed into the abode of peace and virtue. Arouse, then, from your apathetic slumbers! Look well to your household, and guard the domestic circle from the poisonous dregs that are concealed in the Bacchanalian cup.

Daughters, fair daughters of our land, I need not warn you against choosing intemperate companions for life. This is too great an evil to be contemplated, but I should think I neglected an important part of my duty did I fail to warn you against the persuasive wiles of moderate drinkers. Listen not to them—think not they can abandon the practice at any time. They stand on slippery places, and a gulf is yawning beneath. Then link not your fate with theirs, lest the story of a broken heart and an early grave, a thousand times told, be again repeated. Do not lightly jest on a subject which I feel may be of the utmost importance to you, but receive the warning as it is given, soberly and almost with prophetic dread. And I hope and pray if any are tempted to take the fatal step, you may have the fortitude to break the ties that are leading you on to ruin. Choose from among our ranks those who are combating with us the many-headed monster, and reward with your approving smiles the Sons of Temperance for their arduous efforts in our cause.

Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, come one, come all—assist us in our enterprise! We are contending against a powerful enemy—one who brings want, and misery, and desolation to our very thresholds. Then come, gird on your armor, and like Joan of Arc we will forth to the rescue. Singly our efforts are feeble, but united our course will be upward and onward, till slowly but surely, the tide of temperance will overflow our land, and every gutter, and every den of intoxication will be cleansed by its pure and wholesome current. If any are so unfortunate as to have friends who bow at the footstool of this tyrant king, oh, then, I beseech you guard well your own actions, lest you are the moving instead of the restraining power. Let no unkind word or action drive them into temptation to avoid

approaches, but by every means in your power render their home an abode of peace and usefulness. Let every one do her duty in this respect, and thousands who are in bondage would break the tyrant's chains, and seek in the quietude of the domestic circle to renew that happiness they have so long destroyed.

A DAUGHTER OF TEMPERANCE.

For the Lily.

Mrs. Bloomer:—

The story of the "Prize Piano," which appeared in the January number of the Lily, affords a useful lesson to all classes who have a desire to live beyond their income, and are sacrificing a large share of their real comforts for the sake of display. It is a misfortune to young ladies that their domestic education should be so deplorably neglected. But a small share of the blame, however, should be laid to their charge. They are educated by their ambitious ma'mas more with reference to securing rich husbands and a fashionable establishment than with any regard for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter. How little do mothers realize, while toiling to support their daughters in idleness, or worse than idleness, and depriving themselves of the quiet comfort which it is their privilege to enjoy in the decline of life, and perhaps depriving themselves of some of the real necessities of life, to deck their daughters in jewels and finery, that their exertions serve only to prepare for them a bed of thorns. Many a sensible young man is deterred from taking a wife only because he has too much prudence and foresight to undertake to support what would be called a respectable establishment. But few young men possess a fortune adequate to the demands of fashionable housekeeping. And if they can, and do, afford it, it neither enhances their happiness or respectability. The insatiate desire to live beyond his means, has been the ruin of many a promising young man. He becomes discouraged at the first failure, (and failures will come sooner or later,) and instead of charging it to his folly and extravagance, and commencing a thorough and speedy reform, he not unfrequently relaxes his exertions, rails at fortune, and becomes a useless drone upon society, and a burthen to his friends; or attempts in some illegal manner to retrieve his fortune, and conceal his mortification, which must inevitably result in infamy, and not unfrequently in imprisonment or suicide.

To honest hearts and willing hands, this country affords all the physical comforts a mortal can enjoy. I do not mean by comforts only the necessities of life; we may innocently enjoy its luxuries and its elegancies. It is only when we indulge in them beyond our means to support, (or withhold our charities to lavish superfluities on our children) that this indulgence becomes sinful. Every person and child, whether rich or poor, should contribute more or less to their own support, and the support of those whose physical or mental infirmities, incapacitate them from supporting themselves. And every individual should devote a portion of their time to manual labor.—"If they do not need to labor for bread, they do for medicine;" and whoever shirks from this decree of the Almighty, throws a double portion of labor upon some one less fortunate, or more conscientious, and defrauds him of his share of rest and recreation, and no more deserves the reputation of honesty than a thief. And if from a reverse of fortune he were obliged to labor incessantly for the mere necessities of life, he would undoubtedly view the matter in this light. It would be fortunate for the honest and industrious portion of community, if a certain class of persons, who are too proud to work, were also too proud to beg or sponge their living. Many a man who has labored incessantly during a long life, is forced to die insolvent because his family have imbibed the foolish idea that it is unfashionable or ungenteel to labor.

REVIEWER.

The young lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler, is convalescent.

LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

Dear Girls, it is such a long time since I wrote you, there is some danger you may have forgotten me; at least you may have forgotten a great many things I have told you, and need to be reminded of them. In spite of any thing I can say, a great many of you will look pale and good-for-nothing—will have a pain in your back, sick stomach, dark shadows around your eyes, cold feet, and a bad cold every opportunity. None of the doctors in your neighborhood know half as much about all these things as I do, because none of them ever felt just so. Besides, if one of them did know all about it, and could cure you, you would not tell him you were not well until you were too sick to be cured. If your mother knows you are sick, she tells all the old ladies who come to tea, and one tells her to give you as much pulverized rosin as will lie on the handle of a teaspoon, mixed in a little milk—to give it to you three mornings, and then stop three mornings—then take it three and stop three, until you have taken it nine times; but you will be sure to forget some morning to take it according to direction, and that will be the reason you are not cured! Another will tell you to boil a teaspoonful of madder in a pint of beer, divide in three parts and take one before every meal some day, and forthwith the roses are to spring to your cheeks; but when you have taken the beer and the madder, you will still lack the roses, and that will be the very first time this remedy was ever known to fail! The next dose will be wild cherry bark, dogwood bark, wild cucumbers, poplar root, and maybe something else steeped in whiskey, a glass to be taken every morning. I swallowed half a wine glass of that about—seventeen years ago, and can taste it yet. Then there are pennyroyal, English sage, yarrow and Fatherfew tea. If you get off with less than a barrel of one or all of these, poured down your throat at something near boiling point, you will be rather more fortunate than I was in my day. If you send for the doctor he will give you a vial of red liquid to be taken, a teaspoon full three times a day, in half a tea cup of sugar and water. When you put it into the water, the mixture will boil and seethe like the billows of a fiery furnace—the water turns white as milk, and through it are strings of glutinous matter like soft shoemaker's wax. To the taste it resembles spoiled oysters, cayenne pepper, turpentine and rosin, and the doctor will insure you perfect health—if you take enough of it. I never got past the third half pint, and cannot tell but a hog's head of it might have made me a very robust specimen of womanhood. Brandreth's Pills! But, thank heaven, they are out of date; and you will not have to take the full of a work-basket of them; but there are plenty of Sarsaparillas, Petroleums, Syrups and Cordials, which are warranted to cure all sorts and classes of complaints in general, and all "female diseases" in particular; and as you are all "female women," of course every thing that ails you is a "female disease"—a malady peculiar to the delicacy of your sex. Then you and your friends will grow pious and talk of the "dispensations of Providence," just as if Providence had made you sick, when the whole truth is that you are committing suicide, and suffer for it, because Providence has so established the law of health in your system that it will not yield without a desperate and prolonged warfare. The aspersions cast upon Providence in the matter of health, reminds me very much of the blame attached to reformers in all ages for getting up mobs. They will tell the truth, and people will mob them! Then they are disturbers of the peace, turners of the world upside down. God's law of health in your system will tell truth by crying out in pain when it is broken, and you cry out that Providence makes you suffer.—Would you rather this law would be dumb—would allow you to kill yourself quietly, and give you no warning of your sin and danger? More than three-fourths of all our suffering is a punishment for sin. Make the application if you please! I confess to have been a great sufferer,

and so must have been a great sinner. Sometimes I sinned in total ignorance, as when I wore a flannel muffler around my neck all winter to keep from taking the sore throat. Sometimes the light was so faint I could not see the way clearly, and did wrong without being quite sure whether I did wrong or right, by doing a very little kindness for another which brought a great evil upon myself; such, for instance, as watching with the sick when it was not necessary—when they would have been almost as well without me, and I much the worse for the loss of rest. Then there were wilful sins, the result of vanity or want of attention, just about the same kind which all of you who suffer have committed to cause that suffering. But mind you, it is several years since I began to do works meet for repentance, and their acceptance is proved by a degree of health which is almost vulgar. I want you every one to go and do likewise, so that I shall find you with blooming faces and bright eyes when we meet to try who can quilt fastest and best. Next week I shall tell you more about it—what kind of tea to drink to make your complexion pure, your shoulders drooping, and your waist round.

[J. G. Swisshelm.]

There are a few laws of dress, easily understood, and easy to observe. The objects of dress are comfort, health, decency, and ornament. I think comfort, health and decency go together; and as use is the highest beauty, we may take in the ornamental. The requisites of comfort are, ease of motion, lightness and just enough and not too much warmth. The requisites of health are absolute purity, the free ingress of air and light as far as consistent with comfort, and the maintenance of the degree of warmth necessary to the highest vitality. I shall leave the points of decency and ornament to the taste and sense of the propriety of my readers; but let me assure them, as one who has an eye for the beauty of the female form, that a waist squeezed into less than its natural dimensions is neither decent nor ornamental. To the artist it is a deformity; to the anatomist, physiologist, an indecency and an outrage.

[Water Cure Journal.]

FEMALE RIGHTS IN A FEMALE COLLEGE.

The discussion of Woman's Rights seems to be entering other arenas than the columns of the radical press. The subject lately came up in the Young Ladies' Lyceum of the Wesleyan Female College, a flourishing Methodist institution of this city. It is remarked by one who was present, that "elegant and forcible argument was next made in behalf of the social, political, and intellectual rights of woman. This essay was not only well written, but admirably read, and was manifestly well received, though particular marks of approbation were discouraged. The injustice done to woman, by excluding her from the most profitable fields of labor, and the most miserable compensation paid for the labor she is to perform, were feelingly portrayed. The story of her legal and political disabilities was well and truthfully told; and the injustice of denying to her the education considered indispensable to the other sex, was set forth most clearly."

[Cin. Phon. Advocate.]

Springport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., is a town a man might be proud to live in. Though it has been long settled, and has 2,000 inhabitants, yet there is not a pauper nor a grog-shop within its borders. The Overseer of the Poor, (Mr. Peter B. Wood,) is empowered to root out the Rum-traffic, as a part of his anti-pauperizing duties; but, there being no longer either grog-shop nor applicant for charity his "occupation's gone." The town Collector has just been to the County Treasury, to pay the town's taxes for the year, having collected and returned every farthing a week before the time allowed him had expired.

OLD MAID—A lady who has attained the age of twenty-four or five, without having married a fool, a knave, a gambler, or a drunkard.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

OUR HUSBANDS.

In the beginning God created man; and, because the man found no companion in any living thing, He made woman for him; and to teach him tenderness, He formed her from one of his ribs, doubtless near his heart. And Adam said, "Now this is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

Thus we see how endearing a relation is that of husband and wife, the dearest of all relations earthly; and without it there could have been no bliss in Paradise. And this has been sustained for near six thousand years. How beautiful it is when the family tie is as it should be. A kind husband and a kind father, with an affectionate wife and tender mother, surrounded by lovely children!

See the husband giving due honor unto the wife "as fellow heir of the grace of life." He was created in the image of God, a giver and dispenser of good things. Care and labor sit lightly on his brow, because he sees those he loves made happy by his efforts. He commands his house by the law of love; and his wife is a smiling, confiding being, grateful to her husband for his generous heart. Care sits lightly on her, too, although physical suffering is peculiarly her lot. Under the banner of love she is sure to rise above it and be happy. Her husband takes her as his partner in all things. He does not say to her "it is the duty of the wife to consult her husband's interests;" for they are undivided. He does not keep his purse apart from her, so that she is pinched for money, and is obliged among all her other cares to contrive all ways to clothe herself and children; and see want go from her door weeping and unblest. He is wiser than that.—He knows that such management, besides being a great unkindness, really injures her health. It causes her to overtask her strength, which, with a feeling of sorrow and disappointment that the husband makes no effort for her happiness, affects her nervous system, and brings forward seeds of disease, which otherwise might have lain dormant. Is it thus that there are so many motherless children? Surely too large a proportion of wives die early; there must be some unnatural cause.

In our own beloved New England, where intelligence is so widely diffused, and the moral law so much in force, woman's lot, alas, is still a hard one. In the majority of cases, the husband marries, it may be, with good motives, and truly loves; but with no feeling of responsibility. He has gained his treasure, and here he can rest in supreme selfishness. He has taken the text, "wives, be in subjection to your husbands," forgetting the injunction "husbands, love your wives as your own body, even as Christ the Church, who gave himself for her." He pinches her every want, and enforces virtually the duty of obedience and service to him as "woman's mission." A sorry mission, truly, to serve without compensation either in love or money! And thus treated, is it strange she should be what a woman should not be, unconfiding and unlovely? If the future, by some divination, could be unfolded to the view of the bride, many a one would lay aside her bridal attire, and content herself in single blessedness.

These faults in man we charitably believe lie first in want of proper early training, and then in want of consideration. It is man who uses the pen principally, and it is not strange he should forget this subject, so important to woman's happiness. It embitters her life, that she is not honored more by the one she loves above all earthly friends. She is not treated with that kindness which her too sensitive heart requires, and he does not consult her pecuniary wants as he should, that she may be comfortable and able to give something to the Lord who bought her.

But the narrow selfish mind says, "It will not do to give too much power to woman, she should not be too independent." Is this man happy in

his domestic relation? Not if he possesses a wife of higher intellectual grade than a southern slave. True a badly educated wife might expend too much, if freely indulged; and let such an one have a fixed allowance. If able, give her annually one hundred dollars, and enjoin her to lay by twenty-five of it, or more, every year, if she wishes, and place it in the Savings Bank. This little sum saved yearly, and the interest added, would amount in ten years to \$377, in twenty years to \$1000, and in thirty years to \$2084. And supposing a wife lays by fifty dollars a year, adding the interest, in thirty years she would have \$4,169, and twice the sum if a hundred is laid by yearly.

In this country, fortune is fitful, and business precarious; and is it not wise to allow a wife this privilege, even if the husband thinks he could do better with the money by using it himself?

Here is a neighbor who has been married twenty years, and is in good circumstances; but he has signed bonds, and all his property goes excepting the savings of his wife. She was allowed to lay by one hundred yearly; and now she can show him five thousand seven hundred dollars—and who can call them poor? A wife does not wish to be independent of her husband; but she does like to have money by her to satisfy an unexpected call. It is not pleasant to be obliged to tease for a little spending money, or for a dress, or for some convenience about her house, like a little child—too often to be frowned upon, or receive bitter taunts. And is it not common for a husband to use all the inheritance of his wife without giving her a return? True, if Divine Providence calls him first, she is entitled to one third of his estate; but this is a sad alternative, to want a purse while he lives, or want his company when he leaves her his purse.

Mothers, it rests with you to reform man.—Bring up your sons as you wish your husbands had been educated. Keep them near your heart, and let them share your confidence. Remember the Son of God was entrusted to the guidance of woman. "He was subject unto" her until he reached manhood. What a noble task; let not man despise her, whom the Son of God himself despised not to call mother. It was the last of His dying words, "Son behold thy mother."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

There is a great deal said just now about woman's sphere, woman's department, &c. Now, girls, I will tell you the plain truth. If ever I had a sphere—a sphere peculiar to a woman—fashioned after the models of the present age, I must have lost it a great many years ago. The first fragment that slipped out of my fingers was when I was about seven or eight years old, when my good father set me in the side saddle on old blind Dick, one bright April morning, and bade me guide the old fellow through a half mile corn-field, while Bob held the plough. Oh, it was a glorious day, the sky never was more clearly blue nor the clouds more snowy white, and the fresh fragrance-laden breezes of spring never bore them along in more beautiful or varied forms—ever and anon shaking down clear crystal drops upon my blue calico sun-bonnet and homespun dress. I cared not for the April sprinkle, not I. The apple orchard was in full bloom, and the sugar grove donning its fresh green, the wild violets, buttercups, wake-robins and blue-bells were singing an anthem in the fence corners and among the green grass. We let old Dick crop the latter and rest his weary limbs, while I slipped down from my saddle and gathered my high apron full of the former, and Bob sat down upon the edge of the furrow and whistled back an echo to the bob-white on the top of the post and rail fence, or the lark that was surveying the meadow for her next summer's home. The robins, blue jays and cat birds were holding a stockholders' meeting in the orchard, and the black birds, busy as bees, were picking the worms out of the new made furrow.

Oh! it is so glorious and exciting, to ride be-

fore the plough, out in the open fields, my heart drank in so much joy and gladness, my veins took in so much strength and health, it's no wonder that I forgot to watch myself, and let slip a large section of my sphere, and it was ploughed under. I lost another section going to mill when there was no boy on the premises to go, and I never felt prouder, notwithstanding my loss, than when my father patted my sun-burnt locks and told me I was "really good for something." Another fragment disappeared when I learned to call up and saddle or harness the carriage horse, when mother or sister needed him, and the men folks were all at work; another when I saw a mischievous, vicious horse about to kick and trample to death a favorite nephew of five years old,—I forgot to faint, I forgot to scream or even to halloo for help, when I knew there was no help to be had,—and rushed out resolutely and saved the dear child's life.

Another time when the thermometer stood below zero—when the brothers were all away and the chore man sick, and father taken suddenly down with acute rheumatism, I took the axe and chopped a hole through ice a foot thick and gave water to 40 or 50 head of cattle and horses.—Then about the last bit of that sphere, so boasted and so prized, slipped under the ice and was gone forever; 'twas a sad loss, but it was to let it go, or let the stock choke to death—and I chose to let it go. Yes it was all gone, not a bit of a sphere had I left, so I resolved to make one to suit myself—one that would allow me to answer to the calls of necessity or the demands of duty, without fear or hesitancy—a sphere made all of usefulness, cemented together with kindness, love and sympathy, and so solid and strong that no change of circumstances, no bond of conventionalism could either break or control it. Then instead of shrinking myself within it, I took my station outside, to travel whenever I pleased in its pleasant paths, and let me tell you I have found my home sphere—just the thing for a wife and mother—and on its wide spread, elevated, beautiful and harmonious surface I have built my platform of Woman's Rights, and on that platform I intend to stand fearless and free while I can stand at all.—The platform of usefulness, and I shall advocate with earnestness the doctrine, that all the energies that God gave to woman should be used to the very best advantage for herself, for her family and for society."

ONLY ONCE.

Ah! that has destroyed the bright hopes of many a parent. One taste of the intoxicating cup has sent ruin and death to many a household. One profane word has filled the heart with sorrow and gloom. One penny from a master's drawer has sent the once happy youth to the penitentiary and the gallows. When tempted to break the law of God, will you stretch forth the guilty hand and say, this once and once only will I sin? Stop where you are. It is the first act of transgression that will play the ruin with you. Step but an inch over the forbidden ground to-day, and to-morrow a foot will not seem to be so dangerous, and next month you may be beyond the reach of love and affection and Christian influence. Resist the first suggestion to do evil. Tear yourself away from the first grasp of sin. There is but little honor in saying I have fallen but once; but a glory attaches itself to the character of him who never for once overstepped the bounds of virtue. [Olive Branch.]

STRANGE.—We saw a lady on the street to-day—the streets are an inch deep with thin, black mud—and the hem of her dress was not trailing in it! Such things do not often occur; but we hear that both Major Kaine and Col. Whitney have witnessed a similar phenomenon this winter, and were afraid to report lest no one should believe any thing they should say afterwards. [Saturday Visitor.]

MAXIM.—He that would possess content, must first seek innocence.

THE LILY.

ANNE LIA BLOOMER, Editor.

MARCH, 1851.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Nations, communities, and societies are composed of separate individuals. The mighty ocean of human life is but the sum of individual mind. Each separate particle of this mighty mass has its appropriate place, and its appropriate part to perform. True and trite as this may appear, yet how often is its application forgotten! We are all too prone to forget—or rather too willing to neglect, to apply it to ourselves, or to make the great truth which it teaches the rule of our action. That Society needs reforming in many respects, we all admit; yet how little do we do towards securing its reformation! The church needs a purer—a holier faith, yet how few strive to live purer or holier lives! There is a vast amount of good to be done in the world—a mighty element of evil to be overcome—yet how few there are either to practice virtue, or resist vice; and fewer still to enter upon a zealous warfare in defence of the right, or to fight manfully against the powers of wickedness!

And so it is in the Temperance Reformation. All admit its deep and controlling importance.—All confess to its beneficent influence in ameliorating the condition of vast numbers of our species—all unite in deploring the accumulated evils, wrongs, and grievous afflictions which the use of intoxicating drinks has wrought upon the human family. And yet how few carry out these sentiments in their own individual action! How few raise their voices or give their influence to stem the torrent of intemperance, that is sweeping so many of the young, the noble, the brave, and the fair of our land down to the lowest depths of degradation, sorrow, and despair! Surely these things ought not so to be. In this great work of leading our fellow beings from the influence of the great Destroyer, there is work enough to engage every heart and every hand; and those who hold back from this work, are, just so far as their influence extends, responsible for the torrent of evil which alcoholic drinks are pouring over the land.

Oh! that our voice could go forth as with the sound of a trumpet, to call these laggards in the temperance cause, to the mighty harvest of labor spread out before them! Could we be thus heard, we would say to each and all—rely no longer upon organizations of any kind—upon neither national or state, secret or public societies of any description, to banish the evils we deplore; but rather depend upon your own energetic, determined, and individual effort, for the rooting up of these evils, and the final triumph of our glorious principles.

ANOTHER DISTILLERY.

We are deeply pained to learn that a great and overshadowing Distillery is to be erected in the course of the coming summer, within a mile or two of our village; and still more pained and mortified to learn that two of our most enterprising citizens are to embark their fortunes and their characters in this most pernicious business.

Surely the honest judgment of every member of community, who has the least regard for the reputation of our village, will lead them to condemn and deeply deplore the erection of such an establishment in our midst. Men will engage in this business of Satan, because money can be made by it more readily, it is said, than in any other way. But let these, and all others who are engaged either in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks, remember, that their gains are purchased at the price of the tears and the sufferings, the wretchedness and misery, of their fellow-men; and that the widow's curse, and the orphan's malediction, must ever rest upon, and follow wealth thus obtained. A day of retribution will surely come, when God will avenge their wrongs. And though in this life, those who pursue this iniquitous business may be spared the mortification and great sorrow of seeing their own children fall, victims to their example, into the dishonored grave of the drunkard—though wealth be showered upon them, and friends gather around to do them homage for its sake, yet *after death comes the judgment*; and then, neither wealth nor friends can save them from the wrath of Him who will judge every man according to his deeds.

Not for all the gold that California can produce, would we engage in a business, which, like that of making and selling intoxicating drinks, has the condemnation alike of God and honest men.

"FEMALE ATTIRE."

We deeply regret that the *Courier* has so far mistaken our views on this subject as to accuse us of treating it with "levity." Nothing was more foreign to our thoughts when we penned the remarks which followed his article in the last number of the *Lily*. True we were a little amused, and very much surprised to see such an article in the *Courier*; and we had good reasons to think that had we or E. C. S. offered it, it would have been rejected. For this reason we made ourself a little merry over it, at the editor's expense; but we were really very serious in all we said in favor of the proposed change. The *Courier* now attempts to make a fling at us about the boots; but let us tell you, Mr. *Courier*, that whether we take "a seat in the Legislative Hall, drive a team on the tow path" or follow the more proper and delicate business of cook and dishwasher, we need the boots all the same; for the streets will be muddy, and there are times when the most refined and gentle find it necessary to brave both mud and snow. So we again say, we go for the boots.

You must know, Mr. *Courier*, that had we been the first to broach this subject, and say what you did, it would have been set down against us; and no doubt many men would have refused to support the *Lily*, lest our "politics" should corrupt their wives, and lead them to don the pantaloons. We did not suppose, until recently, that such a little insignificant woman as ourself, could frighten men so easily; but we have learned that even a woman must be proscribed on account of her politics. Men may say what they please and it is all right, but let a woman dare speak her opinions, and—ah me—"we like your temperance well enough, but will not support you if you dare assert or defend your rights."

It was with such feelings uppermost in our mind that we noticed your article, Mr. *Courier*; and if our remarks were characterized by levity, it was for the reasons here given, and not because we wished to treat the subject itself with ridicule. We fully endorse all you said in favor of a change in woman's dress, and heartily thank you for having broken the ice and made fair sailing for us.—We think there is no reform more needed, and we rejoice to see that the subject is engaging the serious attention of both men and women.

The article in the *Courier* laid great stress upon the length of our dress. This, though important, is by no means the most important change called for. We publish an able article on our first page, this month, which treats the subject more fully, and shows up in true colors the great mischief which our present fashions are doing.—We hope no one will fail to read it. We have ourself experienced all the inconvenience and discomfort of long dresses, and all the sufferings consequent upon the tight whalebone bodices, now in vogue. Thousands of feeble, unhealthy women, can say the same. The health of untold thousands has been sacrificed, and countless numbers of fair and lovely beings have committed suicide and gone down to early graves, from their desire to secure that admiration of men—"a fine form." We rejoice that a change is contemplated, and we for one are ready to give our aid and influence to bring about so desirable an object.

True, we shall be met with ridicule and accused of a desire to usurp the dress of men. Already we see the press in some places protesting against any change, and the advocates of "Woman's Rights" are accused and denounced as the leaders in the movement. We wish this were true, but it is not. We hope however, that at the next Woman's Convention the subject will be brought up and acted upon. Let men be compelled to wear our dress for awhile, and we should soon hear them advocating a change, as loudly as they now condemn it. We know no reason why the dress of men should be convenient and easy, "leaving every muscle free," while we are cramped and fettered, and made uncomfortable by ours.

We have reason to know that several women in our village are ready to assume the Turkish dress as soon as a sufficient number will join them, or they can muster courage to be independent; and we hope and believe that ere long it will be generally adopted. More absurd changes than this have been made in the fashion of woman's dress within our recollection. It is nothing compared to the big sleeves, hooped petticoats, or bustles—not half so much of a deformity—and we presume will meet with no more opposition or ridicule than did these. Neither health or comfort have had anything to do with getting up fashions for many a long day, and now that these claim a hearing, we hope they will not be silenced or opposed, by the press or the people.

The *Courier* says that the fashion of woman's dress has been a great cause of intemperance. Men have found the burden of supporting sickly wives so great, that it has driven them to drunkenness. We don't know but this is so; but women certainly have been the greatest sufferers from their own folly, and if any body was privileged to get drunk on account of it, we think they have the best right.

THE TWO SEXES.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather round him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would ever suspect that he had sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, and esteemed; but his ruined heart-broken victim, knows there is no peace for her, this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown of Heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

We copy the above most truthful and touching picture, from the Concord Free Press, edited by Mrs. C. C. Beatty. Woman must remedy the terrible evil here described. There is but one moral law for the two sexes, and she must make the social penalties for its violation the same.

[Phil. Freeman.]

WOMAN as she now is—the mere dependent on man's bounty, the slave of his lust, forbidden by a false sentiment to appear in public, except to minister to man's sensualism, whilst she may not rebuke vice, or preach great moral truths—**WOMAN**, who at the domestic hearth, even in what is admitted to be her own sphere, must have a leader and a head who shall rule and control her and her children in all things—whose words must be law undisputed and unquestioned—**WOMAN**, who has no voice in church or State, but must meekly and silently bow to whatever ecclesiastical or civil laws the Nero's of her times may see fit to bind up in books which she never sees, is helpless to remedy any evil. It is as vain to talk of woman attaching "social penalties" to any crimes in her sphere of action, as it is to talk of the slave on a southern plantation insisting upon it, that the same moral and civil code shall govern him and his Saxon master. Before the slave can know what justice is, he must be free himself. Even so with woman, before she can know what virtue is, she must be upright and independent herself. What virtue we ask, has that woman, who can marry a man merely for a home and support?—or she who consents to live year after year with a beastly drunkard, a gross licentiate, a cruel tyrant, or an unprincipled scamp? **WOMAN** can never exercise her legitimate influence on society, until she stands on the same platform with man; equal in social, civil and religious rights, and enjoying all the advantages he does, for a full development of body and soul.

We are much pleased to learn that a new temperance society has been organized in this village—the members and getters up of which, are men who have heretofore been hard drinkers. We have not been able to learn exactly upon what principles this society is formed, or what number have joined it, but understand that they charge a small initiation fee, and pay benefits the same as the "Sons." This movement reminds us of the noble band of Washingtonians, who ten years ago set the temperance ball in motion in this town, and by their efforts saved so many poor drunkards from poverty and shame. Would that a similar manifestation might again be made, and a similar excitement created in these days! Much need is there of something to arouse the dormant energies of the friends of temperance, and to arrest the attention of those who are indifferent to the

great evils with which this monster vice has cursed our land.

We earnestly hope that those who have renounced their cups and banded themselves together in this new organization, may prove faithful to their pledge, and remain steadfast in the good course they have marked out. We would utter in their ears a word of caution—go not near the dens of pollution where you have been led step by step so near the vortex of ruin. The keepers of those dens are mourning over your escape from their clutches, and will utter a shout of triumph if you again fall into their snares. Shun them, then, as you would the serpent's coils, and seek the society of those who will encourage and sustain you in your efforts to regain your freedom. Remember poor JAMES, and shun his fate.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.—Not many months since a gentleman who resided not a thousand miles from Chelsea, and is the book-keeper of a large manufacturing establishment, had the misfortune to injure his right hand. In addition to the pain of his wound he had the discouraging prospect of being for a longtime incapacitated from attending to his ordinary business, consequently deprived of his means of support. But his wife, with a spirit and resolution worthy of her sex, in addition to the cares of her household, (which is at all times a pattern of neatness,) undertook and actually performed all the writing necessary to keep in perfect order the books of the company with which her husband was connected. She cheerfully devoted several hours of each day to her self imposed task, and the neat and faithful manner in which the work was performed elicited the warmest encomiums from her husband's employers. Such a woman is equal to any emergency and is an honor to her sex.

[Boston Journal.]

Ah! and there are many such women in the world; and there would be many more, if our young ladies were taught that they are good for something besides display—that they should have higher and nobler purposes than to deck themselves in finery, discourse sweet music, and talk tittle-tattle for the amusement of men. Let woman be encouraged to cultivate her mind, and acquire business capacities—let a wider field of usefulness be opened to her, and let her define the limits of her own sphere, then such cases as the above will not be so rare as to elicit remark.—She will at all times prove herself "equal to any emergency." The husband spoken of above, must be in favor of woman's rights, else he would have starved, or begged, before he would have suffered his wife to get so far out of her sphere, and make herself so "masculine."

Good.—The new Constitution of Ohio, forbids that any licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks shall be granted in that State. This is truly cheering news; and we hope that ere long the people of New York will become sufficiently enlightened to follow so noble an example. This is a great triumph for the temperance people of Ohio, and all praise is due the noble band of men and women, who so earnestly plead their cause before the framers of the Constitution.

Doubtless much liquor will be sold and drank there, for a time, notwithstanding this prohibition—but any business contrary to the constitution and laws, will become unpopular; and the odium which will attach to those who dare defy the laws in this matter, will lead very many to abandon it altogether. Those who do pursue it, will be obliged to do so secretly, and fearfully.

THE WAY TO DO IT!

Our readers will see by the following, that apathy which pervades all classes in this country in regard to the traffic in intoxicating drinks, is not generally felt throughout the State. Indeed, our exchanges bring us cheering news from many places that temperance men are wide awake, and that our cause was never more prosperous than at present.

The wealth of our village is arraigned against the temperance cause; and those whose influence would be the strongest for putting down the liquor traffic, either directly or indirectly sustain it. When, like the men of Elbridge, they shall prefer paying taxes to keep men sober, to being taxed to support drunkards and paupers—when they shall choose to pay for the punishment of rumsellers rather than to see their own sons corrupted and destroyed by them, then we may hope to see the traffic put down in our village. Until then we suppose the business of pauper and drunkard making must continue, and our law-defying rumsellers be treated like honest men.—But our readers will see from the following that it is not so every where. Oh! that we had a CARSON and a MRS. MONROE, to take the lead in this matter in Seneca Falls, endowed with the power to instil into our Temperance citizens some portion of their own indomitable energy.

Temperance Men coming to the Rescue in Earnest.—They have commenced war with dram shops in good earnest in the town of Elbridge in this county. They have pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honor to banish them from the town and county. Individual inhabitants, men and women, have given notes to the amount of \$80,000, as a fund to be taxed to defray the expense of the prosecution and utter extermination of drunkeries. One lady who has contributed \$10,000 to this fund, deserves to be named. It is Mrs. James Monroe, of Elbridge. She has set an example in this respect worthy of her sex, and of a place among the honored ladies of the age. Others may have contributed larger in proportion to their means, but when ladies ascend from the degraded level of fashion and folly to which wealth usually degrades them, to the high position of benefactors and friends of humanity, they have risen above temptations which persons of smaller fortunes never feel. Heaven grant that such women may multiply, and their power increase, until they have brought the murderous traffic within their reach, when it may be sure to die.

The plan adopted, is, to raise a fund to be the basis of taxation for the prosecution of all who sell intoxicating drinks without license. The Bank already raised in Elbridge, is sufficient for the utter extermination of the horrid trade in Elbridge—but contributors to this fund do not limit their regards to their own town. They design, as we learn, in case other towns do not adopt it, to use it for the prosecution of offenders in other towns as well as their own. They expect other towns to follow their example, and that a league and a bank shall be formed in each town of the county for this purpose, and that the war shall be commenced in earnest for the entire ruin of this murderous business.

By submitting to be taxed in this way, the contributors feel that they are avoiding taxes in another direction. They infinitely prefer taxation to put rumsellers in jail, than to put their fathers, brothers, and sons in jail.

A meeting of the citizens of Syracuse, at Robinson's Temperance House, resolved to adopt the Elbridge plan. Mr. Carson was present to explain it. We are happy to say it took; and we may soon expect that a capital of half a million will be raised here to put down dram shops. Let the same plan be adopted everywhere. We have

and societies enough. The rum-
bling. It is time to go to work and
building. We shall say more of this here-
[Syracuse Liberty Party Paper.]

Mrs. Swissheim says that when she start-
ed her paper three years ago, she had but three
subscribers to commence with, and that she lost
the first year, "between four and five hundred
dollars." She was better off than most publish-
ers if she had it to lose, and more courageous than
many, to persevere under such discouragements.
Well, we shall do no such foolish thing as that;
for in the first place we have nothing to lose, and
if we had, we are not so ambitious of being an
editor as to give our time and labor for nothing,
and then foot the printer's bill out of our own pocket.
So we give our readers due notice, that when
The Lily will not pay the printer for his labor we
shall stop it at once.

Mrs. S. does not tell us how many subscribers
she now has, but we infer that her list has in-
creased a few, or she could not have afforded the
new suit which she has decked herself out in this
winter.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?—The New York
papers give the astounding intelligence that "a
Fifth Avenue lady, recently gave a splendid party,
inviting her guests to appear at two o'clock in
the afternoon!" Verily, the women are turning
the world upside down, by their innovations on
long established and time honored customs!—
Men must adopt some more efficient measures to
restrain them, or there is no telling how much
mischief they will do.

GRAHAM, calls his magazine for March
"A Surprise Number," and we certainly were
most agreeably surprised on opening it, to find
the absurd Paris fashion plate missing, and a double
portion of good reading matter instead. Mr.
Graham, and other magazine publishers, would
do the world a service, if they would wholly dis-
card these abominable Paris fashions from their
books. They are productive of much evil, and no
good. If we are to have fashion plates at all, let
us have something new—let them be American,
and let nature be the model, instead of the dis-
torted wasp-like form, of a fashionable lady in
stays and corsets.

Now don't we feel proud? Only think,
the Secretary of State has requested two copies
of our Lily; he wishes "to send one copy to
the Grand Industrial Fair to be held in London,
to be afterwards deposited in the Royal Museum,
and to place another copy in the New York State
Library!"

We are so sorry the Honorable Secretary did
not give us an earlier notice of the honor intend-
ed us. Had we only known sooner that we were
going to London, we would have put on a brand
new dress, and tried to talk more lady-like. But
he has given us but a moment's notice, and we
have no time to fix; so we must e'en go as we
are. We only hope the English people will not
take us as a fair specimen of American women,
and that her Majesty's subjects will not take of-
fence at our "politics."

"Reviewer," must excuse the disposition made
of her article. Other parts may appear hereafter.

ENCOURAGING.—Father Chipman of the Star,
gives it as his opinion that the Temperance cause
was never in a more prosperous state than at the
present time. We are glad to hear such a re-
port, and earnestly hope that future events may
justify the opinions thus expressed. There is, no
doubt, a deep feeling of detestation pervading the
minds of a large majority of the sober and respect-
able portion of community against the use and
the traffic in intoxicating drinks. And the feeling
is none the less deep and widely extended, from
the fact that intemperance for the past year or
two has been on the increase. Indeed it is this
very increase of drunkenness, and vice, that is
now beginning to open the eyes of many who
have heretofore been lukewarm to the vast im-
portance and overwhelming necessity of acting
firmly and energetically in all well directed efforts
to suppress the terrible evils which thus threaten
to overspread every portion of society. It is thus
that good is evolved out of evil, and those who
have shown the most activity in the manufacture
and sale of the poison of all poisons—alcohol—will
find that their unholy and heaven-cursed business
will arouse, even in the hour of its fancied tri-
umph, a spirit that cannot be stayed, and that
must ultimately prevail to the complete triumph
of our glorious cause.

We are indebted to some one, for a copy
of a lecture, delivered by one of the Faculty to
the students of the Female Medical College of
Philadelphia. If any doubts had before existed
in our mind as to the propriety or necessity of wo-
men becoming physicians, they would be removed
by reading this lecture.

We have received a copy of the report of the
National Union of Daughters of Temperance.—
It makes us a little proud to see in what a correct
and business like manner these women discharge
the duties of their several offices.

HON. H. B. STANTON, will accept our thanks
for valuable public documents.

"To the Boys of Seneca," is declined. Try
your hand at writing prose, friend, before you at-
tempt to be a poet.

For the Lily.

SOBRINY JANE.

Some time ago, dear reader, I told you about
my cousin Sobriny Jane, and from what I have
already said I am sure that you must feel suffi-
cient interest in this remarkable woman to listen
with pleasure to some of her late sayings and do-
ings. Well, she has just made an entire new
manifestation of character; one that has filled me,
even—and I have known her long and intimately
—with wonder and surprise. I had always
thought that Sobriny was sensitive to public sen-
timent; too much so, ever to strike out for her-
self a new path, unaided and alone. But of late
the very spirit of her sire seems to have inspired
her anew. During the short cold days of Decem-
ber, in the presence of her liege lord and all her
sons, she assembled together her whole inheri-
tance of petticoats, and, by a skillful surgical op-
eration, separated those parts which were forever
groveling in the dust, from those nearest the
heart. She then slipped her neatly turned foot
and ankle into a masculine boot, leaped into a pair
of Turkish trowsers, and walked forth a mile and
a half, through sleet and snow, to the home of
her childhood. There having received the pa-
ternal nod of approval, she shrinks not, now, from

encountering the vacant gaze, the vulgar laugh,
and idle jeers, of ill-bred men, women and chil-
dren.

Sobriny prophesies that henceforth the vota-
ries of Fashion shall worship at a Turkish shrine;
for the French having proved themselves incapa-
ble of forming a model Republic, are of necessity
unfit to invent costumes worthy the imitation of
daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers. Is it not bet-
ter, voluntarily to imitate the Turkish nobility,
than meekly bow to the dictation of a vulgar
French milliner?

And to think, that Sobriny, with all her origi-
nality and daring, whilst learned editors were dis-
cussing the propriety of a change in our dress,
should just do the deed, and in this costume ap-
pear here in our very midst! And what is still
more worthy of our consideration, is, that a respect-
able dozen of the women of our village have de-
cided to assume this costume at once. So pre-
pare yourselves, ye Lords of Seneca, to see the
idols of your affections soon flitting about your
muddy streets, with as much ease and freedom
as you do yourselves. And you, Mr. Courier,
please write another stirring article and talk up
the fashion as fast as possible. If Mrs. Bloomer
will persist in talking lightly of ten or twenty
pounds of petticoats, console yourself with the re-
flection that she feels their weight as grievous as
the least of us. *Entre nous*, I have every reason
to think she is already perpetrating some mutila-
tions on her own wardrobe. She had several in-
terviews with Sobriny, and has an exact pattern
of the costume. *Stanton* E. C. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OSWEGO, Feb. 20, 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Bloomer—Perhaps an account
of the Celebration of the Anniversary of the In-
stitution of Cadets of Temperance in our city the
present week will be acceptable to your readers.

This anniversary was the third since their in-
stitution, and was, as usual, well sustained. Their
exercises, which consisted of speeches and songs,
by invitation, and declamations, poems, &c., by
the Cadets themselves, were very pleasant and
interesting, and were listened to by a numerous
audience who thus expressed their warm interest
in the cause, and their desire to encourage the
fine little fellows who compose the section. At
about nine o'clock a very handsome supper was
served up, where, although no more exciting be-
verage than Nature's own tempted the thirsty
palate, hilarity and quiet mirth prevailed. I must
confess that I almost envied the proud parents
who gazed upon that group of noble youth, with
their bright and soul-lit eyes and speaking coun-
tenances; for it seemed to me that there was
hope for those parents, in the future, of their chil-
dren. They have a foundation for the trust that
the early manhood and the full maturity of their
sons is full of promise. "Prevention is better
than cure," and oh! how many thousands of times
easier and safer. Youthful habits are strong, and
the boy around whom the safeguard of an institu-
tion like that of the Cadets of Temperance has
been thrown, and who has thus been prevented
from acquiring an appetite for intoxicating be-
verages, and better still, for the vile weed which so
often leads to intoxication, is, I think, little likely
to bring ruin upon himself, and sorrow and dis-
grace upon those who love him unspeakably,
when he grows up to manhood. I consider the
institution of Cadets of Temperance one of the
most powerful agents of reform wielded in our
country. There the axe strikes at the root of the
evil, instead of lopping off some of the small
branches of its giant growth.

But enough of this; I am sure you, and all
who are watching the brightening dawn of im-
provement and reform among us, will quite agree
with me, and I will no longer trespass upon your
patience.

Yours truly,

MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Gold is but a poor legacy in comparison with
immortal thought. The one is human, worthless,
the other divine, invaluable.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

Come hither, boy, and let me dwell
Upon thy cloudless brow,
Ere sorrow breaks the golden spell
Which hangs about thee now.

I would not quench, within thy breast,
The joy that sparkles there;
Nor yet disturb thy infant rest
With tale of gathering care.

But pity cannot check the sigh,
To think that coming years,
With darkening clouds will dim thy sky,
And strew thy path with tears.

And that, when other boys may share
Perhaps their fathers' fame,
Thy manly brow will blush to bear
A drunken father's shame.

There now with thy companion go—
I will not check thy joy;
Too soon the world will let thee know
Thou art a Drunkard's Boy.

Selected.

For the Lily.

THE CHANGE.

I saw a youth when the morning of life was distilling upon him its freshness. His appetites and passions were chastened; he aspired to no unjust elevation, or claimed ought more than his due.—I saw him also, among a festive gathering of youths; none wore a brow less clouded; none were there whose countenances reflected a clearer radiance of conscious rectitude. Time passed, and I saw him again; but then the light which shone from his eyes was less clear. Upon his brow was gathered a cloud, and the rich crimson upon his cheek was pale. I heard him speak arrogantly of his wishes, without regard to the feelings of others. He seemed only to regard his own interest, and to promote it he hesitated not to sacrifice justice, or manly honor.

But it need not ever be thus, for there is a path, narrow, and sought by few, in which all may walk; and that the inexperienced may not mistake their way, there are numerous directions given. One in particular, is written upon every true social system, in letters of *living light*, and gleams out from among the actions of the good. It reads thus, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." There are seemingly, many difficulties in this path, but the farther we walk therein the less they appear; and it gradually becomes more and more beautiful, until among the perfumes of its flowers, and the sweet music of its birds, is blended the voices of the angels.

THE THOUGHTLESS BOY—LITTLE SUSAN AND HER KITTEN.

"Poor Pussy, what is the matter with you?" said little Susan, as she took up the poor creature from where it lay panting on the grass, and wrapped it in her apron. "Who hurt you, kitty?"

And as the kitten did not open its eyes or mew, as she had always done when Susan spoke to her, the little girl began to cry, and ran in the house to ask her mother what was the matter with her pet.

"Oh! mother," said she, "look at little kitty; I found her lying out in the grass, and I thought she was asleep, but she will not wake when I stroke her and call her—and see how her breath comes so quick! What is the matter with her, mother?"

"Some naughty boys or dogs have been worrying her, my dear," said her mother, as she laid the poor animal on the rug. "I am afraid she will die, Susan. Was there no one near her?"

"No, mother; but I heard a dog bark a little way off, and I think it was Rover, for I heard Willie call him, and they both went away."

"It must have been a dog, for I see the marks of his teeth," said the kind lady. "I hope Willie had no hand in this cruel piece of mischief; but I must inquire."

"Oh! mamma," said the little girl, "you don't think Willie could be so cruel as to make Rover bite my poor litten kitten?"

"I hope he did not, my daughter," replied her mother; "but boys are sometimes very thoughtless. Send John to tell your brother to come to me; I must know all about it at once."

Willie came running to his mother, but when he saw the kitten lying almost dead on the rug, and his little sister crying, he stopped, and would have run away, but his mother called him back.

"I need not ask who did this, Willie," said she, pointing to the kitten. "Tell me frankly all about it."

"Indeed, mother," said the boy, "I did not mean to hurt little kitty so much. You know how funny she looked, and how she used to make us laugh, when Rover came into the room, setting up her back and spitting at him; and this morning, when I saw her out in the garden, I just called Rover for sport, and he chased her through the hedge, where I could not see them; but I called him back as soon as I could. I did not know, indeed, that he had hurt her so much."

"I should be sorry to think you wilfully cruel," said his mother; "but sometimes thoughtlessness inflicts as much suffering upon others as wilful, deliberate cruelty. You know that the dog was the poor kitten's enemy, and you should not, for the sake of a few minutes sport, have exposed her to such frightful danger. See, now, she is dead, and your thoughtlessness has killed her.—I am glad to see you look sad. I hope you will not forget this lesson. In all your sports, avoid giving pain to the meanest animal, for remember that although you may in a moment inflict pain and death, all your regret cannot bring the dead back to life, or give a moment's ease to pain."

THE WAY TO DO IT.

Boy, if you want to become dissolute and depraved; if you desire to be young in years, and old in crime; if you want to become odious in the eyes of all respectable men, keep the company of tipplers and hang around the rum shops.

Youth, if you would be shunned by the virtuous and the good; if you would be slighted by the fair and abhorred by the pure; if you would be marked by the finger of scorn, and written down as one doomed to infamy, patronize the gay gin palace and keep the company of the fiends who dwell therein.

Man, would you provoke the enmity of your kind, destroy your influence, annihilate your credit, ruin your business, disgrace your kindred, beggar your family, then tarry at the wine cup, and frequent the rum shop.

Woman, would you sink to a depth of degradation, whence scarcely the illimitable reach of the Omnipotent arm can pluck you; would you obliterate all that makes you lovely, all that assimilates you to the angels; would you stand in God's fair sunlight "a thing for scorn to point the finger at;" would you become an object to make the flesh creep and the hair bristle with horror? *drink alcohol!*

Mortal, would you pervert your noble nature, foil your sublime destiny, abuse your curious and wonderful body, ruin your divine mind, degrade your race, abuse and defy your God? *drink alcohol!*

These directions are infallible; they are copied from the Pharmacepia of Hell, where Brandyopathy is the dominant school of practice, and doses of alcohol the only prescription that serves to glut the great revenge of Death, and surfeit the boundless appetite of the Grave.

[N. Y. Organ.]

GOOD TEMPER.—Let young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

A NOBLE DOG.

A Halifax paper states that a child was playing with a Newfoundland dog, on Rensselaer's wharf, a short time since, and by some accident slipped over the end of the wharf into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of the little frock, brought him into the dock where there was a stage, and by which the child held on, but was unable to get on top. The dog, seeing it was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, and where a little girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation; and after licking the face of the child it had thus saved, it took a leap off the stage and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with his hat in his mouth. It is said that the father of the child—to whom the dog belongs—when leaving the country where he formerly resided, rescued it from the hands of some persons who were about to execute the poor animal for killing a sheep.

[Friend of Youth.]

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's barn yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury.—My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Just so: I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

THE FARMER AND THE FOX.—A farmer had discovered that a fox came along a beam in the night to seize his poultry. He accordingly sawed the end of the beam nearly through, and in the night the fox fell into a place whence he could not escape. On going to him in the morning, he found him stiff, and, as he thought lifeless. Taking him out of the building, the farmer threw him on the dunghill, but in a short time Reynard opened his eyes, and, seeing all was safe and clear, galloped away to the mountains, showing more cunning than the man who ensnared him.

EARLY FRUGALITY.—In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches in your children. Teach them to save everything,—not for their own use, for that would make them selfish, but for some use. Teach them to share every thing with their play-mates; but never allow them to destroy any thing.

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